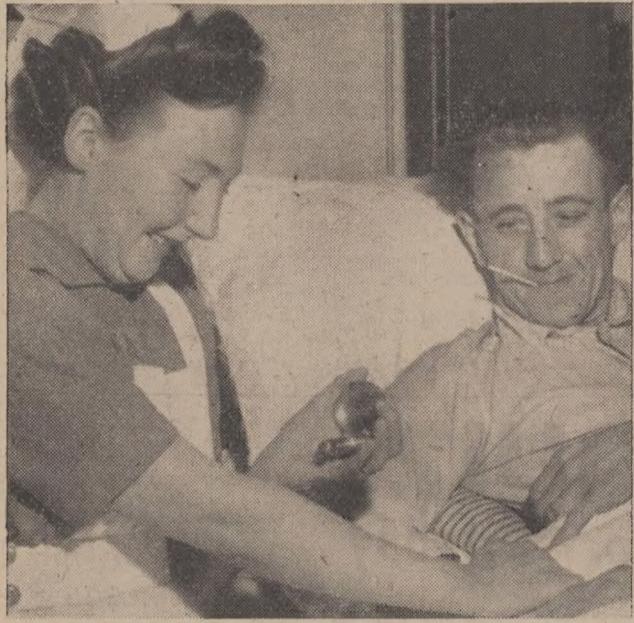


Good 777 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



It's a tough job Stoker Bill Harrow

YOUR wife, Stoker Bill Malta, and is very happy, and Harrow, was in the hospital that John is home on leave ward at Barnsley Hall, Broms. from Germany. Mac, the dog, grove, taking the temperature of Pte. Bill Ingle when we called at the hospital, and here is a picture of them.

Although all the boys said what a hard worker she was in the ward and how well she looked after them, your wife was very cheerful and nothing seemed to worry her.

As Pte. Bill Ingle told us, "Every one of these girls is highly respected. They work long hours, but we never hear them moan. Some of the chaps

She told me that Jack is in here owe their lives to them."

Nursing is a tough job, but with happy and smiling nurses like your wife to help them the wounded boys are helped on.

As Pte. Bill Ingle told us, "Every one of these girls is highly respected. They work long hours, but we never hear them moan. Some of the chaps

She told me that Jack is in here owe their lives to them."

Five men and a woman thought they were divine

THEY say that another that we in England have had "Prophet" has arisen in our self-styled "divinities," too.

There are on record at least six such deluded people, all of whom claimed that they were Messiahs in some fashion or other.

Probably the most famous

It is curious that this newest or most notorious of these was "prophet" has arisen not far James Naylor, from where Mormonism was born. He was a printer in Common-

and Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, also foretold the end of the earth. Only it didn't happen as he said it would. He got murdered instead, and that was the end for him.

It may be news to most people thought he was like Jesus entering Jerusalem.

NOT SO HOLY.

Most of his converts were women, and these estatic creatures, who accompanied him, advanced in front shouting, "Holy, Holy, Holy," while he came on mounted on a white horse, and bestowing his blessing on the crowds.

Behind him came other followers shouting the same refrain. Many of them believed that the Second Coming was at hand.

But the Puritans thought different. They arrested Naylor, who made no resistance, and accepted matters in close imitation of the New Testament story. He kept quoting, "I am reviled, but I revile not again."

He was tried for blasphemy and his punishment was terrible.

Tommy's Punch Made Ribbentrop Think

THEY were coming now, the big fellows, and they were going down before the crouching, hard-hitting Tommy Farr, Max Baer, Ben Foord and others had come and gone. Each was a rung in the ladder that Farr had started to climb.

Then it was Walter Neusel's turn.

The fight was staged at Harringay on June 15, 1937. Now there was a special interest in the battle for Tommy Farr. He wanted to avenge Neusel's victory over Jack Petersen and Ben Foord; and both these ex-champions were at Harringay to see the contest.

It was said that Neusel's relatives were sitting in Germany listening-in to the fight. Something had told them he would win. Something had told some of the German colony in Britain the same message, for a number of them were present.

Everybody expected to see a hard and a long fight.

Max Schmeling, too, was there. He had been taken more than ordinary notice of by Herr Ribbentrop, the German Ambassador in London—and Mr. Ribbentrop is, as you know, now in queer street himself.

Neusel had spent five years dethroning one British champion after another. He had great staying power. He was indifferent to being hurt. It was with this reputation that he stepped into the ring that night.

He was going to finish this British and Empire heavyweight right away. That is how things looked—to him. He started in without any preliminary cantering. When the word was given he rushed across the ring and bore forward against the defence of Farr.

The latter tried to keep him off with his left leads, but Neusel got inside and hammered away at Farr's body.

But it was no novice that Neusel was hitting. It was not the earlier Tommy Farr who was not too sure of himself. It was a man who was

in superb trim, ready to fight and ready to mix it any time and all the time.

Time after time Farr stepped so that Neusel missed his mark. Once, when the German thought he was poised for the blow he wanted to shove across, he was pulled up sharply by a punch on the nose that made him stagger back. And before he could recover, in went Farr again and caught him a vicious thump on the side of the head with a right hook.

That was roughly the story of the first round. When it came to the second the honours were more even.

Neusel was at Farr's body again in the third with his mighty punches and hooks. He was doing fine. Hoch der Kaiser! Hoch, Germany! Hoch, Walter Neusel!

And hoch, Tommy Farr! For the powerful Walter Neusel was



WALTER NEUSEL

just punches. They were pile-drivers. And as Walter Neusel took them all his defence rotted and crumbled under the strain.

It was not any more Neusel's

fight, or shadow of a fight after

LARRY MARKS

Tells how German strong man Neusel was beaten into stupidity by the rising

T. J. Farr.

sent back dithering by a crash that. He put up little defence blow on his ribs, and then because he had none to put up, by a right hook to his jaw, and then by a flush on his face, and then by a left punch, and by another—and all the stars in the firmament must have danced around Walter Neusel's eyes in those moments.

There he was, in the third round, down, hurt and useless. Helpless! No Hoch der German then!

But there was a grimmer fact behind Farr's attack than merely a series of punches. The fact was that the work of killing had begun!

The third round had begun in a fury of blows. Tommy Farr was wading into his man from the start. His punches were not

He might as well have shouted

He got up on one knee as the seconds were being ticked off by the referee. From the ring side his manager, Paul Damski shouted instructions, shouted advice, shouted encouragement, shouted everything and anything.

He might as well have shouted

The answer to that is that if Neusel had had the strength, he would not have been sitting, and if he had not been sitting, with his one hand on the ropes; he would have been as flat as a board. So no attention could be paid to such a trivial objection.

Back in the dressing-room Tommy Farr looked longingly at his right hand. The critics were wondering where he had developed that punch. The critics had wondered a lot about Tommy Farr; and they may be wondering yet, for all I know.

But one thing they couldn't wonder about, and that was the defeat of Walter Neusel, who had not any more desire to wonder about anything for that night.

"Why," said Farr, "I knew I would win. Everything went according to plan."

And Neusel? He said that a cartilage of his knee gave way. "I was off my balance," he explained, "and could not get on to my feet. It was a punch that put me down."

Well, he had never before in England been knocked off his feet. He had been knocked out once by Max Schmeling. And Max Schmeling had sat during those terrific three rounds and had seen the finish.

"Farr," said Schmeling, "had my countryman beat."

Next to Max Schmeling that night sat Herr Ribbentrop, also watching his countryman being beaten.

And who was Tommy Farr to meet next?

The great Max Schmeling went back to the Savoy Hotel that night and thought things over. And Herr Ribbentrop went back to the German Embassy to think things over. He had made up his mind that Max Schmeling would teach Tommy Farr a lesson when they met, if they met.

(Next: The Joe Louis Fight)



Our address still is:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

He was tried for blasphemy and his punishment was terrible.

J. H. Smyth-Pigott rose to notoriety in comparatively recent years. He established a community in the Home Counties, where he devoted his people to his treasury as he could carry. Most of the adherents to his Soul's Rest were women.

He was never traced. And that was the end of another so-called

"Messiah" who suffered from delusions.

A. RHODES.

Who Sliced the Steering Cable?

CORRALEE was on his feet Glory," he said. "If you want to cabins where he could find a "When did you leave the at the moment, and Hird's see Corralee you'll have to come scratch crew by offering the men schooner?" Hird asked, anxious swing caused the boat to rock. down to the schooner. He can't higher wages than they could get to be sure.

The hatchet turned in his come up to-night."

hand, but it came down on the back of Corralee's head all the looked at him with inquiry in her same, though with the flat and eyes.

"Why?" she asked quietly.

But it did its work. A cry, mingling groan and shout, arose, and Corralee fell forward; then rolled to the gunwale.

Hird set his teeth.

"I warned you," he muttered. "I never stand three times. Glory ain't going to see you to-night, Corralee."

He lifted his partner by the shoulders and slid him over the edge of the boat into the dark tide. Corralee went down like a sack of coal.

Hird looked at the closing waters for a moment. In the wake of the boat he saw the dark object swirl and disappear. He grinned and started to row to the shore.

"My luck's in," he said to himself. "The shark has him. And nobody saw. It couldn't have been better. Now for Glory—and the crew."

Hird did not hesitate. His plans were made; had been made from the moment he had invited Corralee to go ashore.

He walked straight on into the main thoroughfare and shoudered his way into the store behind the counter of which Glory Renshaw stood packing provisions.

One or two natives were waiting to take the goods down to the ships for which they had been ordered.

Hird nodded to Glory's uncle and touched his hat to Glory ting of a crew would be less difficult.

He knew his way about Papeete. Not a soul could say a word that would point suspicion towards him.

"I gotta a message for you, Down by the water front there were

"When did you leave the down to the schooner. He can't higher wages than they could get to be sure.

in other craft, and by paying the native agent a heavy premium, overboard when you and boss The native agent knew the canoe Corralee were fixing things up. men, and was prepared to sell I swam over."

them for a voyage providing he got his premium.

It did not matter if the men were diver. His luck was holding. engaged for other ships. He could

"Sure. Havin' a good time?"

He felt affable towards the

"Lookin' for a crew, boss?"

"Yes. I'm going down to a

native agent."

"I'll pay. I want 'em aboard before dawn. And if there are any new men, get one who can steer—see? Bring a list of the names of the new ones. Can you do it?"

"I can do it, boss."

Hird handed over some French money for the treat. He felt thoroughly satisfied with himself, and when Jaluit took him over and introduced him to the cafe proprietor, the latter gave a sign and a wink which clinched the bargain.

Hird took a drink of kava and left Jaluit to see to the rest.

He went back to the wharf and waited until Glory came down, after getting some provisions which he stowed in the stern of the boat.

The girl came hurrying, a shawl round her head and her white dress showing ghostly in the pale light of the moon.

"You're up to time, Glory!"

"I must not be long on board," she breathed. "My uncle does not know that I am going to the ship.

We are so busy at the store. Is Corralee so very occupied that he could not come to see me?"

"Oh, he's taking no interest in things ashore," muttered Hird, as he handed her into the boat.

"I mean, he's got other things

at all when he and Corralee left. Hold tight."

The diver had not been on board to think of. Are you right?

He ran the boat down and pushed off.

They soon reached the schooner, her a voice hailed from the water. He secured the boat to the painter which trailed from the side of the schooner, and went up hand over hand to let down the still holding the girl tightly.

"Brought the first of the crew,

boss. Lend a hand to get 'em up!"

"Just a minute, Jaluit!"

He pulled Glory aft and shoved her into a cabin, threatening her savagely with a beating if she tried to escape. He screwed up the portholes and left her.

Jaluit had brought two men, and they were hoisted aboard in a state of intoxication.

"Others comin', boss. Mostly to the survivor. Guess I'm the old crew, but there's one or two survivor. I'm taking you with new ones. Here's the list of names."

There was no time nor need to look at the names, for several canoes were coming towards the schooner.

The men came aboard singing and dancing, and as the last arrived and sprawled on deck Hird time, Glory. I'll spare you an hour or so in the mornin' after we've heaved anchor. But you

"We'll get off at once, Jaluit. I'll make you bos'n. Are these fellows able to pull a rope?"

"Guess so, boss. Give the order."

The order was given, and one by one the men rose to their feet.

(Continued on Page 3)

End of Ten Fathoms Deep

"But he said he was coming up. He sent a letter to me—" Her hand touched her bosom where the letter lay under her dress. Her eyes were big with disappointment and anxiety.

"Oh, a lot has happened since he wrote that," said Hird, taking a plug of tobacco from his pocket and biting off a piece. "That's the situation. I guess you'll come. I'll call for you when the store closes. I've got the new crew to hire. It would save time, though, if you came down to the wharf. My boat is there. You'll see it. The schooner's name is on the stern. What d'you say?"

He was moving away, when she called after him suddenly. "All right. I'll come. At the wharf."

He touched his cap and nodded, and mingled with the crowd.

When he reached the open with a vengeance. Old Jaluit, the his forehead. It had been easier awkward, was not to be considered as he handed her into the boat.

The diver had not been on board to think of. Are you right?

at all when he and Corralee left. Hold tight."

He ran the boat down and pushed off.

She gasped at his manner. Fear struck her and she turned to run across the deck. She had not gone a yard before his hand was on her.

"You'll get used to me in time, Glory. I'll spare you an hour or so in the mornin' after we've heaved anchor. But you

"We'll get off at once, Jaluit. I'll make you bos'n. Are these

fellowes able to pull a rope?"

"Guess so, boss. Give the order."

A crow fly (in a straight line) from Plymouth to Gravesend?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Square, Circle, Triangle, Rectangle, Parallelogram.

Answers to Quiz

in No. 776

- French bagatelle.
- Yugoslavia.
- 1829.
- Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon.
- Essex, Cambridge, Lincolnshire.
- Timothy is in the New Testament; others are in the Old.

Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds

IN Norman times, great parts of the country were in the hands directly of the King. One of these parts was the "Chiltern Hundreds," the low range of hills running across Buckinghamshire.

In the beech forests of this district, robbers and outlaws found hiding places, and accordingly a Steward was appointed to keep them in check.

It was also his business to collect the revenues due to the King.

As Britain became civilised the outlaws and robbers disappeared, but no one thought of abolishing the position of Steward and Bailiff of the Chiltern Hundreds. The position was simply forgotten for a couple of centuries until in the middle of the 18th century.

Then the House of Commons wanted to discover a method by which Members who for any reason or another had to "resign" honourably could do so. An M.P. cannot resign, he can only be turned out for serious offences.

But on the other hand, if he accepts an office of profit under the King, he automatically ceases to be a member of the House.

The Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, almost accidentally preserved, proved to be just the job for an M.P. who wished to leave the House before the next election. The office has no duties, but it technically ranks as an office under the Crown and its holder is barred from being an M.P.

The warrant making the appointment still prescribes that the holder shall enjoy all "wages, fees, allowances and other privileges and pre-eminences whatever," but the fact is that there are no fees or wages or privileges.

The Crown has now no proprietorial rights in the Hundreds, and there are no moneys for the steward to receive.

This very pleasant piece of fiction enables M.P.s to "resign" without resigning!

The office is held simply until someone else wants it; on occasions the holder has been "in office" only a few hours, but this has been sufficient to disqualify him from being an M.P.

Alex Cracks

Mrs. Wright: What is your husband's average income?

Mrs. Bright: Oh, about midnight.

Last words from the Electric Chair: "May I offer my seat to a lady?"

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



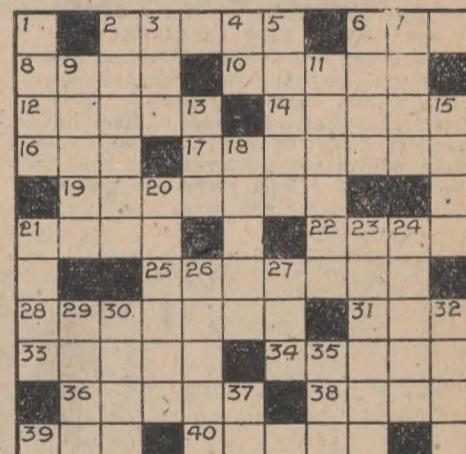
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Wangling Words No. 715

1. Behead a wearisome story-teller and get a mineral.
2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: **ecleefinitelywhatootooy**.
3. What river in Scotland can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **My — has just rolled into that — under the bed.**

Answers to Wangling**Words—No. 714**

1. D-OVER.
2. Try hitting the top with a mallet.
3. EXE, AXE, TYNE.
4. Dimple, limped.

JANE**RUGGLES****GARTH****JUST JAKE**

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Lower. 2 Three-dimensional. 6 Fruit. 8 Musical work. 10 Disseminated. 12 Expand. 14 House. 16 Horse. 17 Aromatic. 19 Complex system. 21 Unaccompanied. 22 Mislay. 25 Exhortation. 28 One of the U.S.A. 31 Precautions. 33 Respond to stimulus. 34 Hat. 36 Inserted piece. 38 Cougar. 39 Moose. 40 Recipient.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Lower. 2 Wooden weapon. 3 Exercise. 4 Remains. 5 Lid. 6 Experienced. 7 Inactive. 9 Musical instrument. 11 Sea-snail. 13 Part of Australia. 15 Chopper. 18 Cheat. 20 Themes or discourse. 21 Move. 23 Obscure. 24 Play poorly. 26 Considered. 27 Animal. 29 Boy's name. 30 Damp. 32 Fuel. 35 Unfold. 37 Towards.

Who Sliced the Steering Cable?

(Continued from Page 2) sober, Old Jaluit was in the centre of the crowd. Hird took the wheel, for it was ticklish steering until the islet of Motoutou was passed.

They had just reached beyond the isle when Hird felt the wheel suddenly slack off in his hands. The schooner fell away, wallowing up!

"What's the matter there?" he roared. "Jaluit!"

Not a sound came from the deck. Hird whirled the wheel round and round. It was loose. He jumped aft and gazed downward and saw the reason. The steering cable had been sliced through.

In a bound he was along the deck, roaring for Jaluit and the crew. When he reached the waist he peered forward, amazed. "I'll let her out. The shore is too and surprised. Not a man was on far off for her to be heard."

He unlocked the door of the cabin and let her out. all sitting up and seemingly "I'm going to give you a lesson

on the discipline I get on board ship," he said warningly. "You'll see how I treat people who go against me. You can take your last look at Papeete."

"Tumble up there! I'm going to find the swab that cut the steering cable. Jaluit, get them

"Say, boss, hadn't you better call 'em up by name? You'd know your men then."

"All right. Come as you're diver stepped forward.

called, or I'll whale the hide off

"Boss Hird, there's another was

man comin', I didn't put his name

came slowly, his face pale but

poop. He paid no attention to the

'Member you thought you saw a

swinging boom, which was rolling

shark when you and boss Cor-

roll of the vessel.

Hird was staring at the old man

Hird sagged as if he was facing

fixedly. Glory Renshaw was next a ghost, then his eyes travelled

Hird. A gasp went up from her to old Jaluit, and with an oath

her finger pointing forward.

What his intention was no man

Dawn was flushing up from

ever knew, for as he jumped into

the east; but it was not the

dawn she pointed at, nor was it

reach him, the vessel rolled.

old Jaluit, who kept on talking. It was at a figure which came from the forecastle.

The boom creaked and swung to starboard, then to port, free and unfeated by helm.

As it came to port it caught the moving figure of Hird in its swing-caught him on the head with a thud that sounded like the crushing of an egg-shell, and threw him, already a dead man, far into the waters which raced out to sea.

Not a man moved, not a word was spoken, until the voice of Corralee broke the stillness.

"Jaluit, I'll thank you later for bringing me aboard last night. In the meantime, get the steering cable spliced. Carry on, boys!"

And as he went up the ladder to the poop where Glory Renshaw

stood, with outstretched arms, waiting for him, the voice of old Jaluit rose above the creaking

of the boom.

"Ten fathoms deep—"

The slap of the bare feet of the crew kept time to the music.

THE END

People are Queer

MANY queer things are recorded on the files of Patent Offices, but Mr. T. Floyd Leininger, of Florida has an automatic life-saver for timid citizens. A piece of harness worn round the shoulder carries a small electrically-controlled pistol.

This being worn beneath the shirt, is supposed to be unnoticeable and hangs in the centre of the chest. A wire goes from the mechanism of the pistol to a push-button on one knee.

The idea is that when the inoffensive citizen is accosted by a hold-up man, his hand shoots up and his knees knock together in fright.

When one knee contacts the other, the pistol fires and the highwayman is bumped off.

SOME sixty years ago, Mr. Arthur Matthams, of Chignal St. James, near Chelmsford, Essex, took his scythe and went out into the village fields to help cut the wheat. And every autumn since he has worked in the same fields, bringing in the harvest.

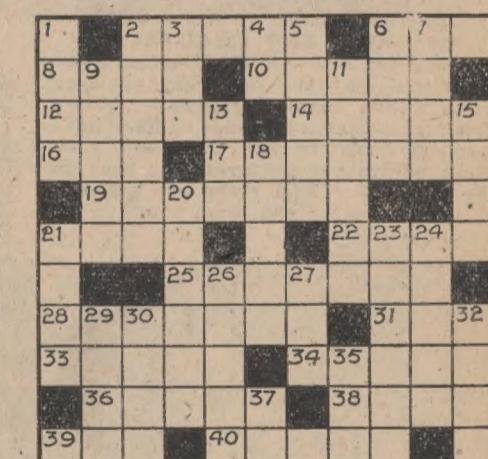
Before mechanical reapers and binders came in, he was the leader of the harvesters, setting the pace for the scything, and was known to them as "The Lord of the Harvest."

Aged seventy-two, Mr. Matthams works on the same farm where he worked as a ten-year-old.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

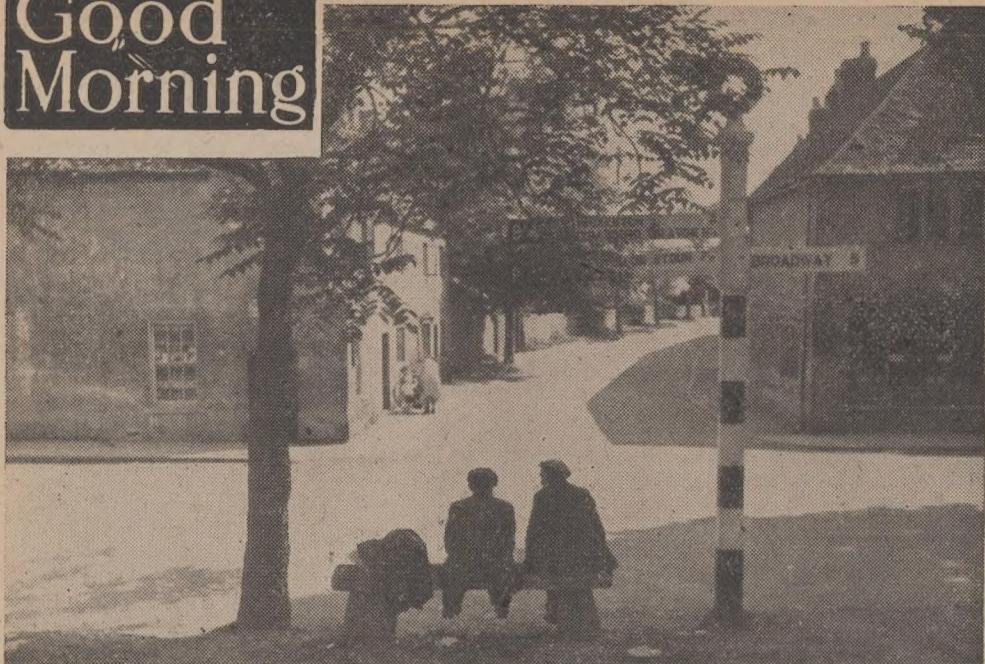
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LEASE	ROPE	
HUMS	THAMES	
AMITY	SOVERT	
NEARLY	I	
POD	COD	ALL
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TIGHT	RAPID	
ENLIST	LILY	
REAR	ADORE	
MADEFY	NEXT	



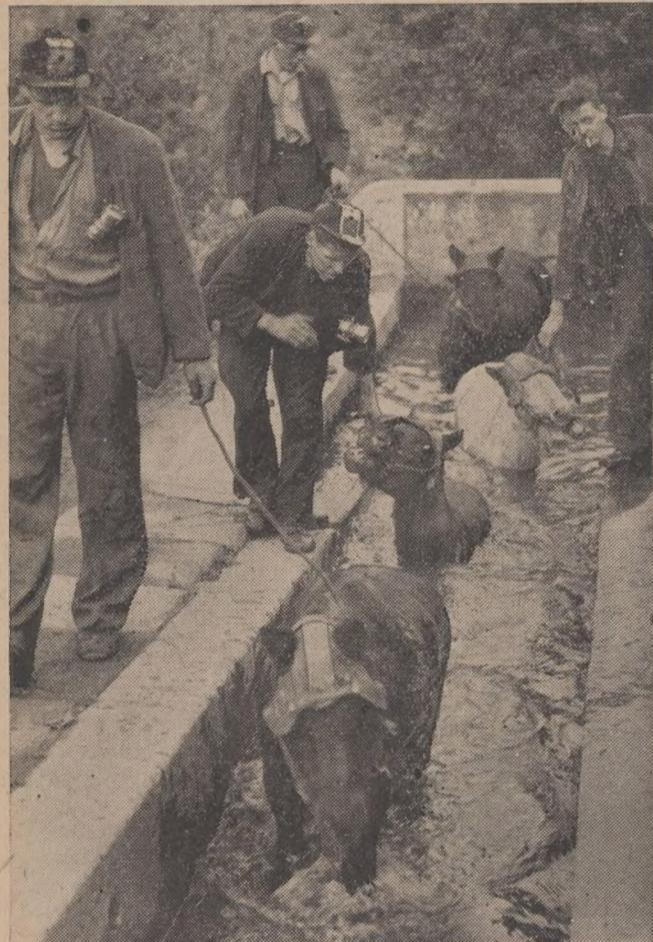
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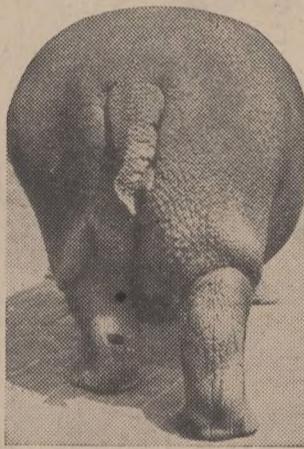
Good Morning



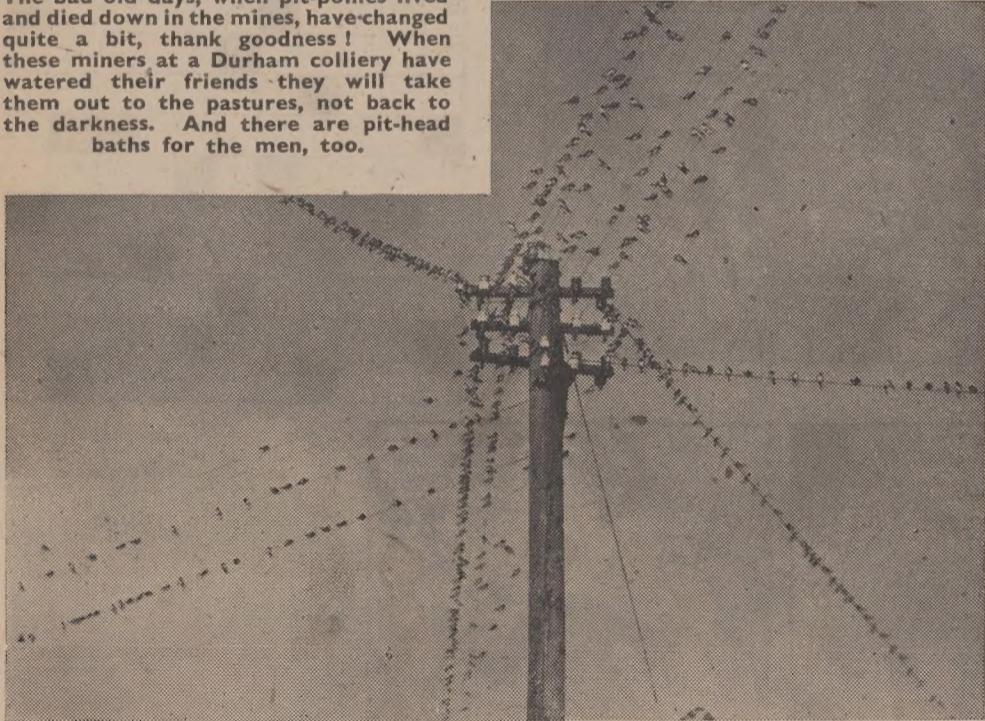
OUR LAND.
Rural, restful, easy to day-dream about. Thoughts go back to pleasant days in the country when the eye lingers on this afternoon scene in Chipping Campden, near Mickleton, not far from Stratford-on-Avon. Lovely names—happy days!



UP FROM THE COAL-FACE.
The bad old days, when pit-ponies lived and died down in the mines, have changed quite a bit, thank goodness! When these miners at a Durham colliery have watered their friends they will take them out to the pastures, not back to the darkness. And there are pit-head baths for the men, too.



A POSTERIORI.
No cracks, please! This stern expression reflects a Hippo's outlook on the food situation. The thing like a door-knocker is his tail, and if you pulled it, you'd never pull another, for those elegant legs supporting the mass pack a ponderous wallop!



THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER.

Swallows festoon the telegraph lines—preparing to answer their mysterious call and fly hundreds of miles across land and sea, to their migratory haunts. They'll be back!



SOPHISTICATED CHARM.
Somewhere over the mountains you can find this sort of thing going on. The lovelies are dressed for sunshine and frolicking, but where are the boy-friends? They must be looking at the wrong scenery!



WE DO IT NATURALLY!
Ungainly? Look again! There's poise from toes to finger-tips in this unusual "water ballet" picture, and it took years of hard work to achieve the perfect muscle control for this "devil's leap."



THEY KNOW THEIR NUMBER'S UP!

In Dublin's fair city a spot of bother like this keeps Irish eyes smiling. The sheep have held up the traffic, and the tram-driver and conductor will need the shepherd lad's help before they get the track clear.